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Northern Lights





Editorial

Shall I Go Back To School This Fall!

We have much pleasure in reprinting a letter which appears in the August issue of the Royal Bank monthly letter. It gives the answer to a question which faces so many young people of Flin Flon today.

YOUR letter is one to which I am happy to reply, for two reasons. The first is that I hope I can help you and the second is that I commend your teacher's enterprise in suggesting that you ask your question.

The commonplace thing for me to do would be to enlarge upon the material aspects of a good education, and to tell you that the principal benefit is in helping you to get a good job, etc. I am sure you already know about that. A boy or girl who does not make the best of all the learning opportunities of school years will be at a disadvantage in competition with others in later life.

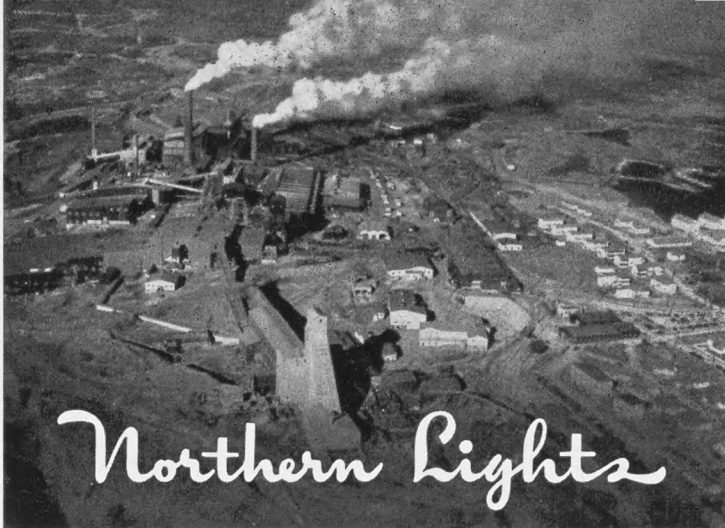
I am not going to suggest

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to you that you should fill yourself chock-full of information, for the real benefit of your education will be knowledge and understanding and not a long list of memorized facts. The main purpose of education, as I see it, is to teach one to think.

It is only by learning how to think, and by learning how to sift out things worth thinking about, that you can put yourself in the best position for enjoying a happy life. This is a very important reason for wishing to continue at school and get an education. Education, when of the right sort, helps you to see things clearly, to distinguish between the essential and the trivial, and to give you a frame of mind and system of thought and judgment which will fit you into your place in life.

Without education (1) you could never hope to really understand the world or its people or what goes on in it; (2) you could not handle yourself graciously and with ease in an environment that is not always so well disposed towards you as your home and your school; (3) you could never relate yourself properly to the problems of others nor achieve the peace of mind and understanding which one must have to support one through the crises that come to try all of us.

I believe it is very much worth while for you to study and I hope that you will pursue your education so successfully that you will have a very happy life. You will realize, I am sure, that everyone faces problems and difficulties at some time or other and suffers distress and sorrow. These seem to be inescapable. But the boy or girl of education is in much better position to cope with these things, to solve these problems, and to master some of the difficulties, and thus in the end be less disturbed and grieved by it all.

An educated boy or girl is, I think, entitled to count upon life holding out prospects of achievement and security—not the kind of security that is dependent upon what someone else does, but the security that comes from within one's self, based solidly upon one's ideals, capability and understanding.

What I am trying to say is that education is absolutely essential but I am not referring to a

(Continued on page 30)



Louis Tusz (r) and winning tug-o-war team.



Happy in defeat. Mike Dragas' tug-o-war hefties.

Mine

Bob Ash

AT LONG LAST, the Mine Department sponsored a picnic for its employees and, from the enthusiasm shown, it will be an annual event from now on. This year's outing was held on August 5th at Cranberry Portage—an ideal spot for a picnic. About 400 of our employees and their families attended. The size of the crowd can best be gauged by the free ice cream, 25 gallons (1,400 cones) dished out in two hours.

All the usual features of a monster picnic were run off. In the Tug of War, it took Louis Tuszs' North Main team three minutes to pull the South Main team captained by Mike Dragas, over the line. In one of the ball games, a team from the Mine Engineers, with such stars on it as Stephansson, Lapointe, Conner, Sadler, Burr, etc., defeated the Mine Shifters who had big leaguers on it such as Crerar, Kenny, Bell and Fancy. The Ladies' game ended up in a win for the North Main Ladies over the South Main Ladies. Another game featured a group of ex-Yukoners getting beaten by a group of NMS Muckers.

In the bathing beauty contest, age group

two to five, Greig Jorundson finished first, with Patricia Ann Martel and Colleen Jackson placing 2nd and 3rd. In the age group six to ten, the Bell Twins, Donna and Verna, finished first and third with Bonita Hovorka second. Best horseshoe pitchers were Art Fenwick, Clifford Lofgren, Jack Thompson, Hugh Bunn, Graham Fidler, and Gerry Rondeau.

Alex Imrie hooked and landed a 19½ lb.



Anchor man Mike Dragas.



Heave hearty me lads!

trout during the first week of his holidays and spent the rest of his vacation visiting relatives in Dauphin and Swift Current. Joe Fitzpatrick's trout was 11 ounces too light to win the Trout Festival car—pretty big fish though, 33½ lbs. Steve Sedor is out walking around again after almost a

Mine engineers' winning ball team.



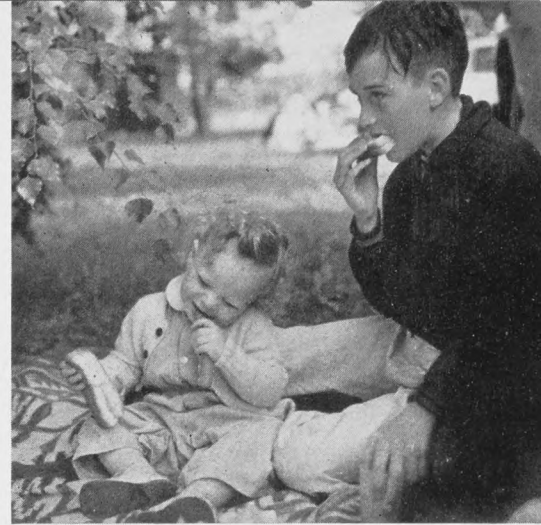
Shift bosses' ball team weren't so hot.



year in the hospital. Joe Ciprick and family visited Joe's mother in St. Catharines.

Joyce Bloomfield is the new gal working in the Mine Office. Vic Alguire, Art Savage, Roy Lester, Merv Springer, Pete Milton, Ed Luft, Louis Vollans, and Walter Klos, have left town for employment elsewhere. Nip Johnson has sold his bicycle and bought a new car. Walter Ariko is also seen driving around in a new model.

Quite a feud on these days between North Star and Schist Lake to see who can hoist the most tons in a day, both averaging about 650. Lawrence Frame spent his holidays in Kenora — Mike Dragas flew to the old country for a three-



The little ones really enjoyed it.

where every member of the family from grandparents to great-grandchildren were present.

Des Pyne is spending the summer moving the former Legion house on Hap-



Steve Olinick and his happy family.

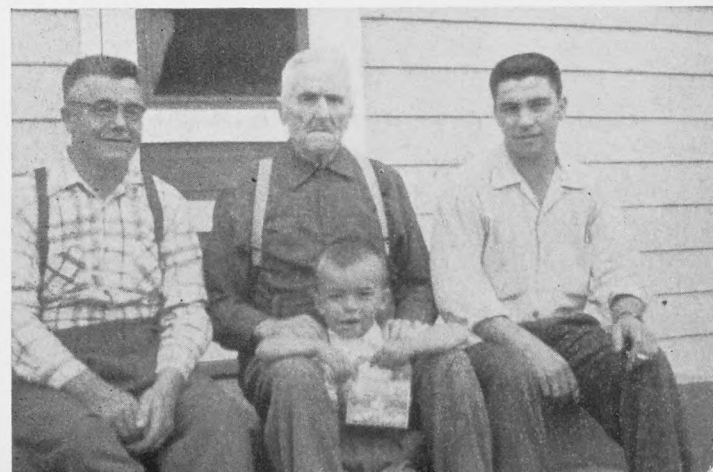
month vacation this summer — Norman Johnson and Bob Douglas report new sons in the family, while Al Maloney has a new daughter.

Harry Hanson enjoyed his summer in Bakers Narrows, fishing and boating — Verne Searle, after a six-month stay in the Yukon, motored out to Saskatoon and Victoria — Art Aspevig and Ernie Busby were hospital patients for short periods, after car accidents — Stanley Makuk, after 23 years in the mine, retired on August 1st — Bob Donald is still on our payroll but working in the steel shop, spent his vacation at Clear Lake and Winnipeg—Messrs. Coombs and Bray attended a re-union of the Bray Family at Hamiota



It was fun eating too!

not Street to 415 Princess Blvd. — Ed Ferster, wife and family, spent their vacation at the coast. Mike Egich, Tom Kennedy, Gerry Rondeau, and Mickey Genyk took in the Calgary Stampede.



Four generations of Rudd's. Gordon, on right, works underground.



Dominion Day crowds at Phantom Lake.

Community Club

J. Pelettier

REVIEWING the summer season, some changes have occurred in our set-up.

Most of our members are aware of the departure of our recreation director—Tony Dojcok — for Peterboro, Ontario, where from all reports he is doing a grand job. Your club directors were faced with the summer activities without a recreational supervisor. Manager Pinky Davie organized the various playground schedules with the assistance of five supervisors. It was a hard summer for Pinky as he was probably the busiest man in town.

Twenty-four ball clubs participated in our playground league, plus Bantam, Midgets and Junior hard ball leagues.

Over 300 registered for swimming classes at Phantom Lake with Bob Blanchard as instructor. He is a very busy man too. Something new this year was a group of sixteen adults who took lessons, proving that it's "never too late to learn". Swimming is not only a healthful but a wise form of relaxation.

The Archery Club was very active with outdoor shoots all summer.

Camera Club enthusiasts made the best of our naturally beautiful scenery which offers so many made-to-order outdoor scenes.

The Canoe Club had one of their best seasons. They have a new club house at Phantom Lake, some new canoes, more members, and new ideas. The Island Falls trip was quite an experience in itself, involving much planning and hard work. Congratulations to Canoe Club Commodore John Nicols and his energetic members.

Tennis club showed some activity in the last part of the summer. This could be a good branch club if more juniors would get interested.

Baseball had a fair season with four Senior Teams—two locals, and one each from The Pas and Cranberry Portage.

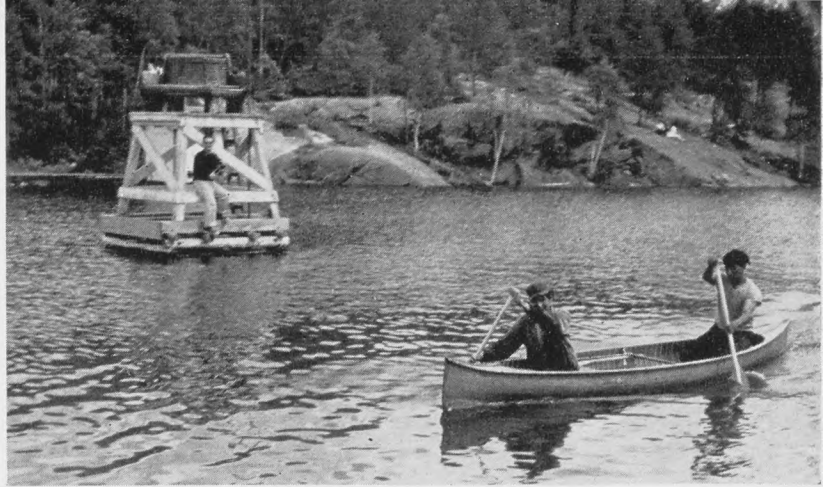
Softball made a good comeback with five men's senior clubs and the ladies with six.

At this time we have received word that our Saskatchewan Junior Hockey League will have six teams this coming winter. Regina and Saskatoon are the new entries. Yorkton dropped out. Understand the Saskatoon team will be looked after by the Bentleys, which is certainly good news.

Once again we urge every member to get his neighbors, or any non-member to join up so that your club plans can be ful-



Start of canoe race.



Indians placed in the Canoe Derby.

filled. As we have mentioned several times before we must get a new hall soon, as the old one will either burst its seams or collapse altogether when the full program opens. More and more youngsters are coming up all the time and our facilities will have to be enlarged.

Remember, the annual meeting will take place this month. Try to attend and, beef or boost, you are welcome.

A man of six feet six inches applied for a job as a life guard.

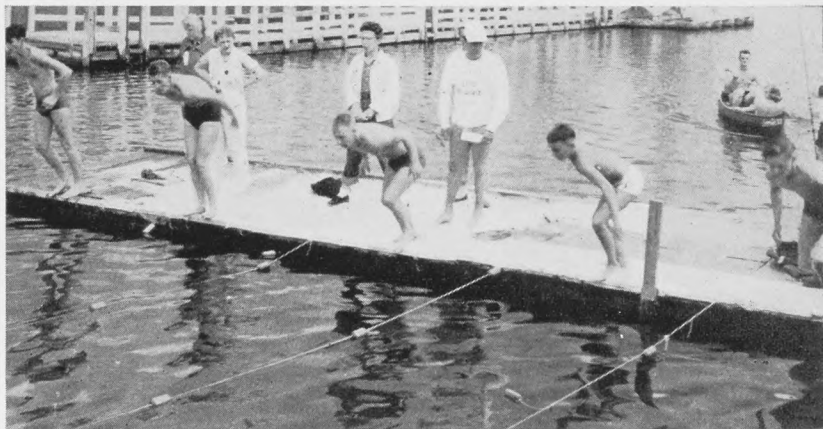
"Can you swim?" asked the official.

"No, but I can wade like nobody's business."

* * *

A man in an insane asylum was fishing over a flower bed. A visitor wishing to be friendly walked up and asked, "How many have you caught today?"

"You're the ninth," replied the nut.



"Get ready" in the swimming races.



Pole vault champ!

Free ice cream for the kiddies.



Young girl shows style in the high jump.



The Canadian Legion OF THE British Empire Service League

J. Balfour

ELECTION of officers took place by ballot this year on May 28, 1956, with 223 members using the new system. Voting was from 8 a.m. to 8 p.m. The Honorary Officers were elected en bloc and Comrade Len Wiebe was re-elected President, with Bruce Long First Vice-President, Jack Balfour, Second Vice-President, J. A. Pelletier (Island Falls) Third Vice-President. Executive: N. D. Hyndman, J. A. Pico, F. R. Krepps, J. B. Thompson, J. Thiele, C. D. Mathias, L. A. Costigan, W. N. O'Neil, J. E. Mason, J. McLean. Chaplain, Captain W. A. Carey; Sgt.-at-Arms, A. J. Lloyd; Warden, L. Arsenault.

The Vancouver Convention was a very successful event. Comrade C. C. Sparling, one of our Past Presidents and President of the Manitoba North-West Ontario Command, was elected Third Vice-President. He was also appointed Chairman of two committees: The Children's Committee and the Dominion Bonspiel. The Dominion Bonspiel is a new venture and every

means will be taken to make it comparable to the MacDonald Brier.

The Canadian Legion is a true democracy and in selecting the national leaders the delegates to the convention exercised their inalienable democratic right of casting their votes as they saw fit. Having done so, however, it now becomes the duty of every Legion command, branch and member to give wholehearted support and unqualified loyalty to those whom their accredited representatives have elected to executive office.

Let us remember that the task of the Dominion President and the other officers of the national executive is not an easy one. Their work is strengthened or enfeebled by the degree to which the whole Legion membership gives or withholds its support to them during the next two-year term. Since their main function is to translate into action the policy and authority which the convention has vested in them, our duty to them is plain.

Legion flag-raising ceremony at Phantom Lake on Dominion Day.



Delegates to Vancouver Convention in June.

Back row, l to r: Len Wiebe, Flin Flon Branch President, Ernie Ransom, Ted Wong, Bill Lockhart, C. C. Sparling, Prov. Pres.

Front row, l to r: Geo. Macdonald, Lou Wiebe.



Special emphasis is presently being placed on a new membership drive, the aim being to double our present numbers. Keep this in mind and "Bring in your man".

The Carnival was a very successful one with the addition of the Dolly Jacob Circus. The animal acts were thoroughly enjoyed by young and old and I am sure some saw animals they only read about before.

The new building is beginning to take shape. Have you signed your pledge yet? If not do so and help us to expand. You know that we really need the room, so let's get the job done!

Getting back to the Vancouver Convention, an invitation was extended to Flin Flonners at the coast, to a party in the Georgia Hotel. Forty-five people attended and a real gab-fest was enjoyed. Among them were Earl Bennett, Abe Porter, Ed Botts, Norm Dow and Jean, Happy Barger and Lorne Algate. Ted Wong and George Macdonald were delegates, who although residing in Vancouver are members of the Flin Flon Branch. Ted put on a special

party for the boys, which from what we have heard, was "out of this world". Thank you, Ted!

"Some women say they could have married anyone they pleased. Maybe they never pleased anyone."

* * *

Hotel Clerk—"Inside or outside room, sir?"

Guest—"Inside, I guess, looks like rain."

* * *

The travelling man read his telegram from home: "Hazel gave birth to a little girl, both doing fine," and then read the sticker on the envelope, "When you want a boy, call the Canadian National."

* * *

The jury had been deliberating all afternoon. At six o'clock, the judge ordered twelve dinners sent to the deadlocked group.

"Eleven dinners if you please, your honor," interrupted the foreman, "and one bale of hay."



Mill employees honour Fred Willis on his retirement.



Hogoboam, Foulston, Armand Brown, Carl Brown, Evans, relining Symons bowl.

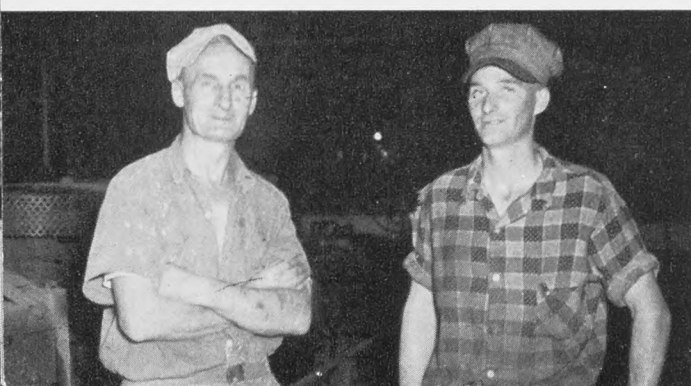


McNabb, Lovecky, Evans, Harburn, Kardash and Foulston.



Presentation to Bill Tuck by Supt. Davis on his retirement.

Dick Hopkinson and Ray Quinn, pilot plant.



Mill

Armand Brown

THIS being my first report in the Northern Lights, my only hope is that you will enjoy reading this column as much as I have enjoyed the excellent reporting of my predecessor, Mr. Ken Reader.

Two of our Mill boys transferred to the Electrical Department—Ken Reader and George McIntosh. Sorry to see you go boys, as you were both active in the Mill Recreation Club. Here's wishing you both the best of luck in your new work. Also we had two of our Mill boys pensioned off. Fred Willis and Bill Tuck. Our talented Bill Billy, the artist around the Mill, made a couple of drawings as souvenirs. I'm sure Fred and Bill will get a laugh out of them in years to come. Del Davis made the presentation to the boys on behalf of the Mill Gang, and as usual did an excellent job. Thanks a lot, Del, and best of luck to you, Fred and Bill, in future years.

Congratulations go out to Mr. and Mrs. Nick Galant on the birth of a baby boy, May 28th, 1956.

Holidays are in full swing now, and everyone I talk to intends to go out of town, for a while at least. Mr. and Mrs. Eddy Van Doorn, who have been visiting Holland the last couple of months, are back again. I'm sure Eddy will have some wonderful pictures to show us all. Yours truly with my wife and girls are motoring through the States and up to Vernon, B.C., to visit my mother, brother and sisters whom I haven't seen since 1945.

Recreation activities are going strong. The Mill Softball team is shaping up and is a tough contender in the League.

Of course we can't leave out the fishing enthusiasts. They went all out to catch the big trout for the car without success, but they aren't losing sight of the lovely trophies the Recreation Club presents for the largest trout, Northern Pike and

(Continued on page 30)

Smelter

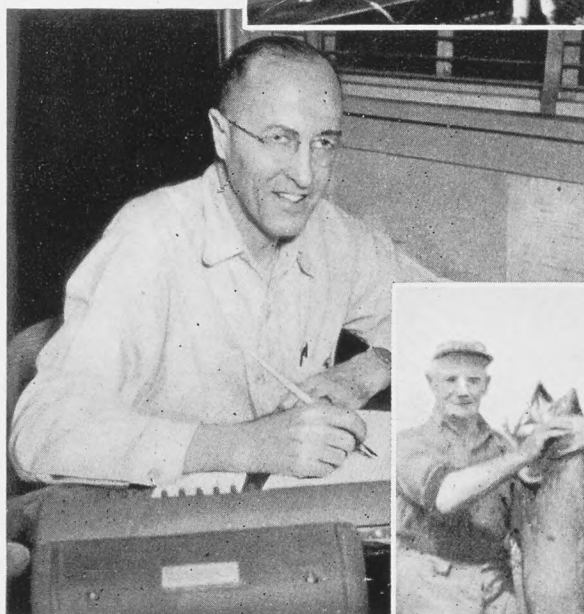
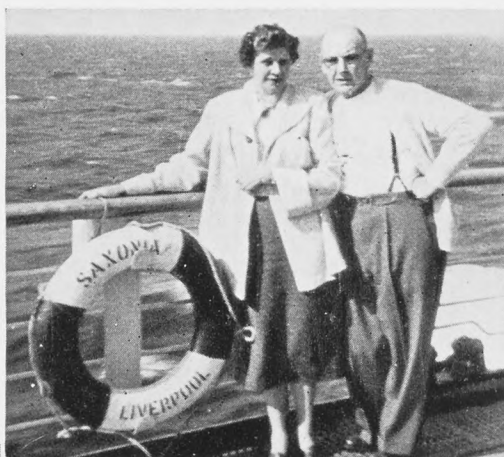
Bill Phillips

THE SAYING "No news is good news" isn't always so as far as yours truly is concerned. In my opinion, "No news" is hard to write about.

Jos. Van Laarhoven is back again after a very pleasant visit with friends and relatives in Holland and several other European countries.

Maurice Knechtel of the Smelter Staff has left our presence since last issue to take up a new position down in Central America at Nicaragua. Prior to his leaving, a get-together was held in his honour and he was presented with a travelling bag. A good time was had by all.

Joe and Marg Van Laarhoven are back from a trip to Europe.



Forrest Green keeping the record straight.

Pensioner Jack Lavis says this is just a small one—53 lbs.



The Buchannon girls Jean, Joan and Gail, whose parents are mighty proud of them.



Old-timers Jack Allen and George Henson.

Jack Blake of the Bedding Bin Crew is still over in England. Fred Anaka is still convalescing after injury. We hope to see both these fellows back in the fold again soon, also Roy Balfour and Jack Allen.

The Smelter ball team look right smart in their new uniforms, and they can play ball too.

Latest recipient of a 25-year watch in this Department is George Henson, Smelter Foreman. This brings to 17 service watches to come this way so far. Not bad, we say.

New faces in this Department since last issue are those of M. Comeau, C. Craig, D. Storjord, G. Delgatty, J. Royak, L. Hudon, G. Pelletier and A. Berg. There are others that deserve mention in this column too, but the Editor is breathing down my neck, so that's enough.

"Waiter, there's a fly in my soup."
"You're mistaken, that's a cockroach."
"Oh, I beg your pardon."



Camera Club

E. Grandison

AT THIS TIME we are in the midst of making our hobby pictures. We have made pictures on our vacations and around our homes. Cyril Steventon has been to Clear Lake, Jack Marantz is going to Boston, U.S.A., Gunnar Folkestone is enjoying 21 days in the east, L. Lahonen is away off down the highway, and I shall have been to Winnipeg to see some tournament golf.

We are showing here pictures taken of teen-agers. They are good subjects especially when taken unawares. The best way to do this indoors is with bounce floods. This is nothing more than using one or more flood lights, preferably in a light colored room, pointed onto the ceiling. Leave them on all the time to let people get used to them. Measure the light with your meter carefully to make sure you have enough and to enable you to take the picture fast enough to prevent any movement. Try not to get below 1/25th of a second without a tripod. We will assume you will focus carefully for good sharpness. Now just wait around talking and joking until the subjects are used to the camera and the lights and have become relaxed. It would be even better if they were bored with your equipment, then they would be less inclined to pose. Hardly anyone but a professional can rightly pose. All this applies to outdoors also, with the exception of the use of flood lights. The best flood of all, of course, is the sun. Get away from mixed backgrounds, keep them simple, the plainer the better, although if there are things in the background, you can open the lens aperture to put it out of focus and make it hazy.

Snap several shots so that you can pick the best ones and throw or hide the rest away. Keep only the good ones.





*George McIntosh,
special apprentice.*



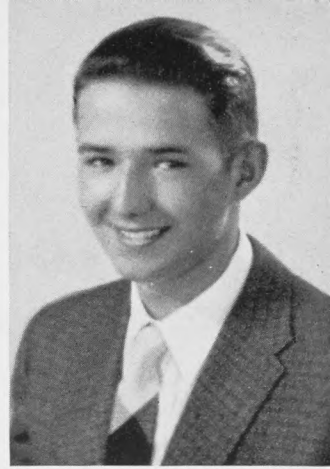
*Len Sullivan, special
apprentice from Zinc Plant.*



Ken Myrvold, apprentice.



*Don Ramsay new
apprentice.*



*Errol Ford, instrument
apprentice.*

Electrical Department

Max Grant

IN THIS ISSUE we would put particular emphasis on a welcome to the several new members of the Electrical Department.

Three promising young fellows have joined the gang as apprentices—Ken Myrvold, Errol Ford and Don Ramsay. Best of luck to you three in learning the trade.

We have robbed some other departments of six fine fellows who are beginning the special electrical apprenticeship course: George McIntosh and Ken Reader from the Mill, Len Sullivan and Ray McLellan from the Zinc Plant, Doug Slater from the Fuming Plant and Duke Russell from the Open Pit.

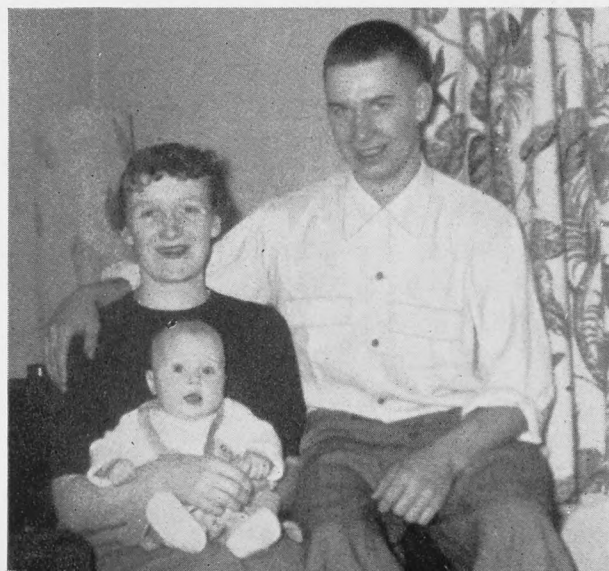
Not to be outdone by the rest of our department, the Line Crew picked up some real live wire help too: George Dadson, Howard Beswatherick, Alex Wein-

berger and Arnold Freed. We also have Ken Fox, Francis Waldbilling and Wilfred Hinz who will be returning shortly to the University of Saskatoon.

Our own Morley McKenzie spent his summer recess with us from the University of Manitoba. From all reports these fellows put in a really busy spring and summer with our crew and we wish them another successful term at college.

Our plant department is not alone in reporting new additions to its staff. Gordon Stewart has a new hand on his crew with the arrival of Ian Thomas, born June 21, and Frank Doolan reports Michael and Maureen, twins born July 8.

Our fast dwindling file of bachelors was further depleted June 30 when Jack Dosco married Betty Christianson. Best wishes to you, Jack and Betty.



*Ken Reader and family.
Ken comes from the mill.*

*Ray McLellan,
special apprentice.*



To The Ladies

Melva Benson

HI-FI NOW HIGH STYLE, TOO

HI-FI in its beginning stages was somewhat reminiscent of the days of the crystal set. It was mostly the object of adoration of those technical-minded put-terers, who can cause a homemaker to tear her hair. In their enthusiasm to bring out through high-fidelity recordings full-bodied tones one hears when listening to "live" music, they were likely to have strung up around the house a series of wires, coils and dials. This left many a housewife lukewarm about her husband's hobby.

It was not long, however, before phonograph manufacturers came to the rescue, and began producing Hi-Fi sets which are decorative additions to any room setting. In fact, some Hi-Fi sets can now be used with slim brass legs, which can be ordered with the set; or, placed next to your most comfortable living-room chair, it becomes an attractive end table, just the proper height for easy operation. The same set can be used as a table top or cabinet top model. It can, for example, make an interesting decorative unit when used with low cabinets or chests of drawers finished to match. Cabinets create good record-storage space. Use the Hi-Fi set at one end to give height to the place, a lamp which is a little taller than the set at the other end, and accessories, such as heavy ash trays and ceramic flower bowls, in between. Varying heights lend unusual decorative interest to such a unit as this.

Not only will Hi-Fi take its place as a part of your room's decor, but used with high-fidelity recordings, it will give the effect of a full-scale symphony performing right in the room with you.

* * *

Baking soda is magic in removing junior's sticky paw marks from cupboard doors and painted woodwork. Just sprinkle

a little soda on a damp sponge and rub over the spot; the dirt vanishes. For larger areas, use three tablespoons of soda dissolved in a quart of water.

* * *

Kibitzer, meaning someone who wants to watch, but not join, a game, has an interesting origin, for it stems from the name of an Austrian officer's pet dog! In the Italian campaign of 1848-49, one of the Austrian generals had a little dog named Kiebitz, which meant a kind of bird. The officers of the line began jokingly to call the staff officers "Kiebitze," as they apparently only watched. Pretty soon to kibitz came to mean "to look on without joining in." Before long, the word spread from the army to fashionable Vienna, then into the general vocabulary; and today we all call someone who is only watching a "kibitzer."

* * *

A practical homemaker suggests sewing strips of narrow ribbon or tape along the shoulder seams of new sweaters—large or small. This precaution prevents droopy shoulders after the sweaters are laundered, as usual, in warm soapsuds.

* * *

Two kinds of wedding cake are traditional—a bride's cake and a groom's cake. The bride's cake, white and many-tiered, is cut and served at the reception. The groom's cake, a dark fruit cake usually not iced, is cut in small pieces beforehand, wrapped separately, and taken home by guests to dream on. In ordering these cakes, you brides-to-be, give your baker plenty of advance notice so he can give you just what you want.

CHOCOLATE CAKE

- 1 cup brown sugar
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk
- 3 oz. unsweetened chocolate

Place in double boiler over gently boiling water until melted. Set aside to cool.

- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter or margarine
- 1 cup Brown sugar
- 3 eggs—well beaten
- 2 cups flour (all-purpose—sifted)
- $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. baking soda
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk
- 1 tsp. vanilla

Cream butter and sugar; add eggs and beat thoroughly. Sift dry ingredients together. Add vanilla to milk. Add flour mixture and milk-vanilla mixture alternately. When thoroughly mixed, add melted chocolate and stir well. Bake in two 9-inch waxed paper lined layer tins for 35-40 minutes at 350°F.

* * *

EATING BETWEEN MEALS

All the way from the playroom in your own basement to the near-sacred confines of famous card clubs, card players like to eat. Think back to the last time Bridge or Poker was played in your house and you'll remember that somewhere between ten and eleven o'clock everybody—yourself included—got hungry.

One of the favorite between-deal snacks served is lemon cheese pie:

Crust

- 2 cups graham cracker crumbs
- $\frac{1}{3}$ cup sugar
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup melted margarine

Combine graham cracker crumbs, sugar and margarine, blending thoroughly. Firmly press graham cracker mixture onto bottom and sides of 9-inch pie plate. Chill in the refrigerator until ready to use.

Filling

- 1 package lemon pie filling
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar
- 2 cups cold water
- 1 slightly beaten egg
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup margarine
- 1 cup (8 ounces) creamed cottage cheese, sieved
- $\frac{1}{3}$ cup well drained, canned crushed pineapple

Empty lemon pie filling into a saucepan. Mix in sugar. Gradually add cold water and egg, stirring to keep mixture smooth. Cook over medium heat, stirring constantly, until mixture boils up once and capsule dissolves. Remove from heat. Stir in margarine, cottage cheese and crushed pineapple, blending well. Pour mixture into chilled crumb crust. Chill until firm, about 4 hours.

* * *

BOILED RAISIN CAKE

- 1 cup butter
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups water
- 1 cup white sugar
- 1 cup raisins
- 1 tsp. cocoa
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour
- 1 tsp. soda
- $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. salt
- 1 egg

Cream butter, sugar, add egg. Simmer raisins and water until 1 cup liquid. Cool, add soda to this, then add to egg mixture. Sift dry ingredients and add. Cook in moderate oven.

* * *

TROPICAL FRUIT CAKE

- 3 cups brazil nuts
- 1 lb. pitted dates
- 1 cup maraschino cherries

Put the above into bowl and sift the following over them:

- $\frac{3}{4}$ cup sifted flour
- $\frac{3}{4}$ cup white sugar
- $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. salt
- $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. baking powder

Now beat 3 eggs and 1 tsp. vanilla together and add to the above mixture. Mix thoroughly and put in greased and lined loaf pan $5\frac{1}{2}$ x $9\frac{1}{2}$ x $2\frac{1}{2}$ ins. Bake in 300° oven for 1 hour and 45 minutes.



Joyce Davie was married to Reg Cockle in June.



Bob Pollock and Fran at Big Island Lake.



Hugh Doran and bride.

Mechanical and Construction

Bert Imrie

THE ANNUAL Smelter shut-down is over again for another year. Although the shut-down itself only lasts from five to six days, preparations are made for it months in advance. This is one vital job in which almost every section of Department 60 takes an active part. Boiler-makers, mechanics, riggers, welders, pipe-fitters, carpenters and bricklayers all unite together in one vast working machine to

working in and if he will be working day shift or night shift. The work was done in good time this year and now the boys are relaxing and waiting in eager anticipation for the shut-down again next year. Who am I kidding?

One of our old timers, Art LeBlanc, who has been with us for over 20 years, retired on the first of June. Art is at present vacationing in Montreal but we under-



Art LeBlanc, centre, retired in June after 20 years with Company.

complete the job in as short a time as possible. A week before the shut-down each man is briefed on just what his job will be, what tools and equipment he will require, what part of the smelter he will be



Doug Chayko, machinist, at turret lathe.

stand that he intends to make his home in Flin Flon where over the years he has made a vast number of friends.

Two of our boys who completed their
(Continued on page 30)

Safety Department

Nick Iannone

A STRANGER stopped in a little country store and was startled to see a hound sitting there howling his head off. "What's the matter with the dog?" the stranger asked. "He's sitting on a cocklebur," replied the storekeeper. "Why doesn't he get off?" said the stranger. "He'd rather howl," said the storekeeper.

If you catch yourself merely griping about conditions you think unsafe instead of reporting the hazards or suggesting improvements, let this little story serve as a reminder. Remember we must train ourselves to be safety minded workers, to take the trouble to size up the hazards of the job and learn the safe way to do it. Let's not be like the dog in the above story and gripe about hazards day in and day out when with a little effort on our part we can eliminate many of the unsafe conditions that are causing lost time accidents in our plant. Roll up that air hose, clean up that oil slick, put on your safety glasses, change that hammer handle, have that ladder rung repaired, replace the guard on that flywheel, etc. On and on we go, day in and day out, waiting and hoping that somebody will come along before anyone gets hurt and eliminate that hazard that stares us in the face. That hazard, that with a little initiative and foresight on our part, could be done away with as we go about our daily duties.

Mrs. Cecelia Chevrefils, who was hired to work in the Safety Lab. on June 18th, 1943, was pensioned off on September 1st, 1956. Fondly called "Ma" by all the boys in the Safety Department, we would like to take this opportunity to wish Mrs. Chevrefils all the best of luck in the future.

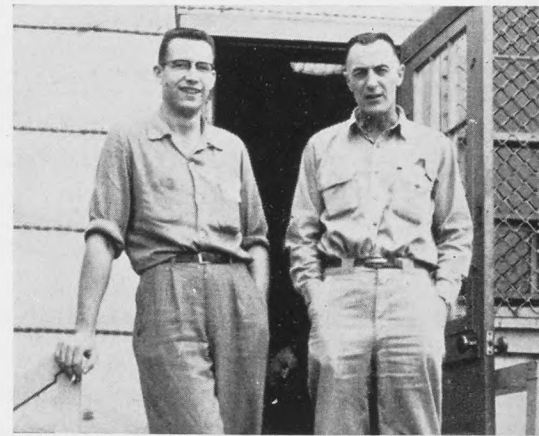
Someone has said: "You should never smoke in bed.

The ashes that fall on the floor may be your own."

Granpa Runehjelm with his third generation.



Al Hoffman and his recent bride, Betty Webber.

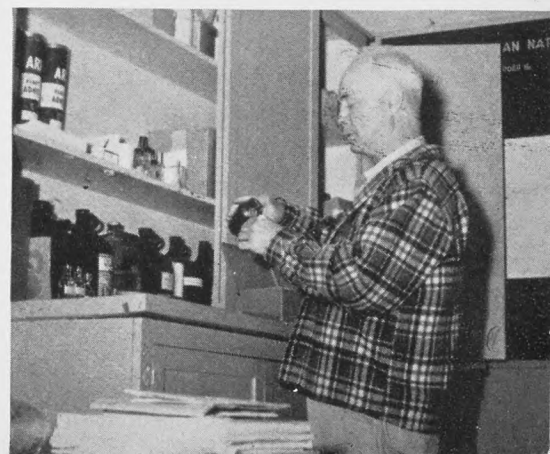


George Brown and Bob McDowell.



The ladies. Mrs. McLellan and Mrs. Donaghy.

Charlie Ward, dignified as always.





Metro Sturby and his August bride.



Ervin Hilliard and Emily Bogash were married in August.



"That's where my money goes," says Jean Dansereau.

Powerhouse

John Dansereau

WE TAKE PLEASURE in introducing to our readers some brand new members of the powerhouse clan, since the last issue of this magazine.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Jays, a boy born April 30.

Mr. and Mrs. James Dalglish, a boy born May 5.

Mr. and Mrs. James Beilby, a boy born May 17.

Mr. and Mrs. Jay Shockey, a boy born May 8.

Some very proud grandparents are Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Gummerson, when their son "Curly" and daughter-in-law Joyce announced the arrival of a grand-daughter on July 18.

We are also happy to announce that three of our brave Steam Engineers have decided to embark on the life of matrimony. Stewart Swan is uniting his destiny with that of Vickey Ozirney of Stenen, Sask., Erwin Hilliard with Emily Bogash

of Flin Flon, and Metro Sturby with Eileen Rosebeiker of Flin Flon. Congratulations, fellows! This Department wishes you and your wives all the happiness this world can offer.

Congratulations also go to our two University Students, Bob Thompson and Dale Blair for their successful year at the University and we wish them all success for the coming year.

So you can see there was plenty of activity around the Power House during the past three months. If a motto should be adopted we think that "vim, vigor, vitality," would be appropriate.

Our two amateur archeologists, Frank Gummerson and Doug Evans, had a short-lived taste of fame when they received a letter from the Institute of Archeological Engineers of Michigan, informing them that the small trinket enclosed with the letter was probably a rare specimen of artifact, which demonstrated the skill and advancement in sculpture, which the early tribes of the North American Indians possessed.

The letter went on to say that the trinket

(Continued on page 30)



Bosses always seem to have it easy. Forbes Duncan and Frank Gummerson.

While the unnamed group slug it out.





Fred Willis retires after 23 years service.



John Dmytriw, newcomer to Research.



Gary Brown, another newcomer.

Research

Walter Zbitnew

ALL the personnel changes and additions to families will probably make this read like a report from the Bureau of Vital Statistics.

At this time of the year news is quite scarce. Many of the "boys" are on holidays and those that are still available for comment are much too busy golfing or fishing.

Our genial storekeeper, Fred Willis, retired at the end of May. Fred has been with the Company since December of 1927, and worked at Island Falls, Pilot Plant, Mill and Research. He was born at Johnsonville, Wellington, New Zealand, on May 12, 1891, and educated at Wellington College, Victoria University. After serving in the New Zealand Armed Forces from 1914-1917 and the Imperial Forces (Seaforth Highlanders) 1917-1920, Fred came to Canada in 1920. From 1939 to 1948 Fred organized and commanded local reserve units. His civic activities include town

council 1934-1941 and 1948-1956; he also served on the Navy League and Boy Scouts committee as well as in various other organizations.

Fred and Frances are planning on taking a trip to New Zealand this fall for about six months, where Fred will see his teenage grandson for the first time.

The Research Social Club tendered their good wishes along with giving Fred a pair of binoculars.

Dusan Raychevich is now with Kerr-Addison Gold Mines, Virginiatown, Ont., as Mill Metallurgist. Dusan received a set of luggage and the well wishes of the group from the Research Social Club. Dusan, Dora and their three children will be missed by all their friends in Flin Flon.

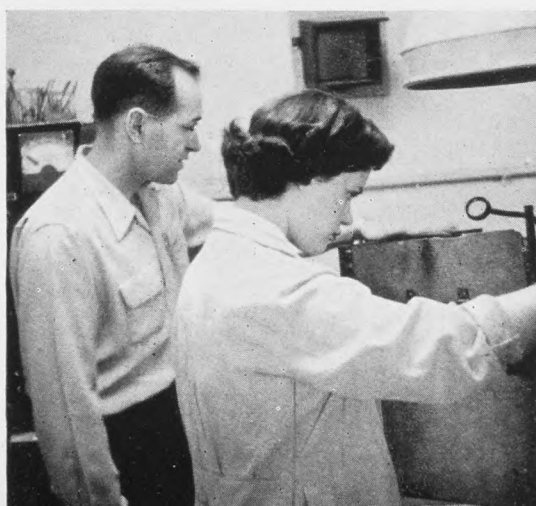
On the other side of the ledger we have quite a few additions. John Dmytriw, a U. of Man. graduate in Science (1956) is in the Mill Research group. John is originally from Norquay, Sask. (matter of fact, quite emphatic on the point), and has worked underground and in the smelter for the past four summers. Ellis Gary Brown came

(Continued on page 39)

Dorothy Martenson, new librarian.



Gerry George briefs Enid Delgatty.



Cece Nicholson—stocks and bonds.





The McIntosh family on the occasion of Patricia's wedding to Bob Bryce.



George Burton and bride Pat Christianson.

June Doverspike married Bill Parkinson in July.



Stewards

Ed Lomax

SINCE THE LAST TIME of writing this column, we have had our usual quota of marriages and, of course, newcomers. June Doverspike and Pat Christianson, those two good-lookers from the steam table left us to be married. We really miss them and wish them the very best in their future.

Claire Snorro, whom Cupid's arrow has missed as yet, left us to take a business course in Winnipeg. Good luck! Clair. Bonnie Mahan, the superb young lady who so ably looked after sandwiches at the Cafeteria is leaving us to take a nursing course in Winnipeg. I'm sure, Bonnie, that if any of us who have known you ever get sick we would like to have you for our nurse.

Donna Kolar, our very able night supervisor and baker, is leaving us to sojourn in Hamilton for a while. Donna has given us her best and we sincerely wish her all happiness and success in her future life. For the time being that covers the departures.

New arrivals in the Cafeteria are Joan Fagrie, Ruth Ann Cyr and Darlene Hilliard. Welcome girls!

Holidays are of course in full swing just now. Earl McDonald journeyed to B.C. with the Air Force Cadets and reports that the boys enjoyed the trip, did a lot of work and took courses of instruction at the same time. Adolph Stringer and wife motored to various points west and had an excellent trip. We haven't had any report from North Star Mine at the present time except in regard to Walter, their new Chef. We hear he is doing an excellent job. Reports from the Yukon Territory are few, all in favour of Joe Bauhs, the 'chef' out there who is doing his usual top job in the cooking department. Karl at the Coronation railroad camp has been battling with the bears again. We'll have to look

(Continued on page 39)

Warehouse

Ina McLeod

THIS TIME OF YEAR most people are either planning, or are away, or have just returned from vacations. Some of the Warehouse members who have taken a vacation and are back to work are Walt Cunningham, who did some fishing for the "Big Ones" and played a little golf. Bill Small and Foster Ralston didn't get too far from home, Harry Bailey spent a few days at Island Falls and the remainder of the time at home. Ted Hampson took a trip to California.

Mr. Lockhart attended the Legion Convention in Vancouver from June 10th to 15th. It appears to be a very nice tradition during the Convention that all ex-Flin Floners are contacted and invited to attend. This held good this year in Vancouver when a wonderful get-together took place. We are pleased to hear of ex-Flin Floners Mr. and Mrs. Bennett, Dr. and Mrs. Porter, Mr. and Mrs. Algate, Mr. Norman Dow and his daughter Jean, Mr. and Mrs. E. Bott, Dave Marantz, Pat Lyle, Almer Crittenden, O. Barger, Mr. and Mrs. George McDonald and Mr. and Mrs. Ted Wong. Although Mr. McDonald and Mr. Wong are now residing in Vancouver they are still members of the Flin Flon Branch of the Legion.

We are happy to welcome to the fold during the summer months, six students—Stuart McFadyen, who won the Hudson Bay Mining and Smelting Co. Limited Scholarship, and is now planning to attend the University of Manitoba this fall; Dale Reese who is also going to the University of Manitoba; Colin McDougall and Alphonse Alsihauskas who will be taking their Grade XII in Flin Flon; while Bill Palmer and Gerald Pettersen will be going to the University of Saskatchewan.—"Best of luck, boys."



Stuart McFadyen, scholarship winner, goes to U. of M this Fall.



Dale Reese also goes to U. of M.



It's back to school for Colin McDougall after summer's work.



Back to school also for Alphonse Alsihauskas.



Bill Palmer goes to Saskatchewan University this month.

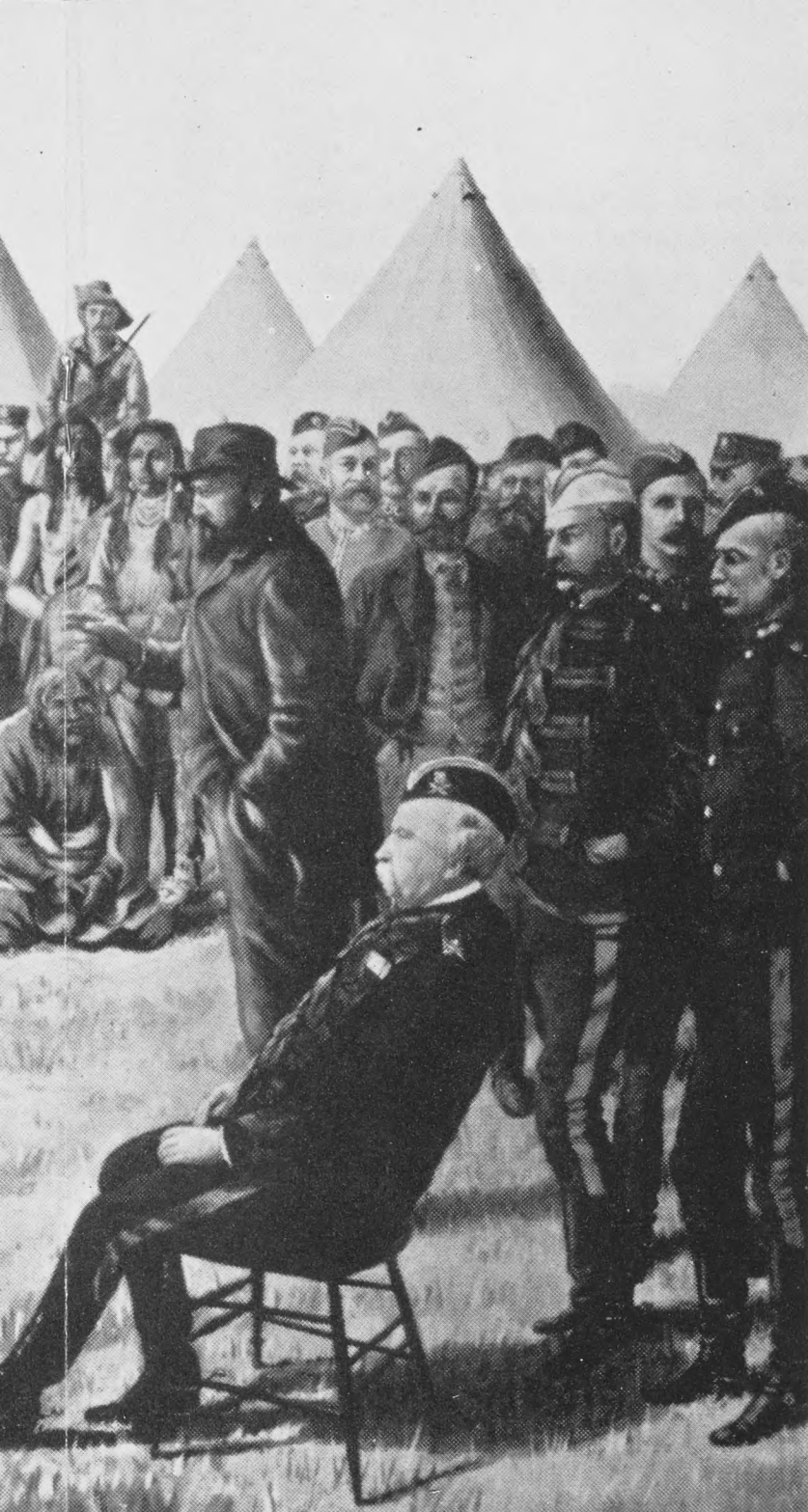


... and so does Gerald Pettersen.



CHIEF POUNDMAKER AND THE MOUNTED

There were many contributing causes to the dissention among the Indians of the North West River which resulted in the North West Rebellion of 1885. The part played by Chief Poundmaker in the preceding years trying to preserve peace in the face of a complete lack of support by Ottawa is well exemplified in the following narrative.



UNTED POLICE

*Indians of the Saskatchewan
played by the N. W. M. P.
ete lack of understanding*

THERE was a crisis in the north. Rumours of the Indian unrest warned of approaching trouble. Food rationing to the Crees and Assiniboines on the reserves which lay from Prince Albert west, had been drastically reduced and there was much agitation. Superintendent Crozier of the Battleford Division saw the danger involved. Should an outbreak occur among the Indians at any one point, others would immediately take up the cry, and though the numerical strength and war equipment of the natives had become curtailed, he was not unmindful of the horrors that might attend possible forays against white settlements. He was well aware that before a widespread insurrection could be suppressed, the West would likely receive a merciless blood bath.

Big Bear and Poundmaker were the principal chiefs to watch. Big Bear's following, practically all of whom had been little impressed by the usual treaty terms, had at the instigation of their leader declined to commit themselves before Governor Morris in 1876, preferring to seek a livelihood by roaming the plains and following the Ishmaelite existence among the few remaining buffalo. Accordingly they had drifted southward and become frequenters of the Cypress Hills. Forced eventually to appeal to the police of Fort Walsh for food, and seeing the steady advance of white settlement, they had bowed to the treaty and had at last wandered off and made some semblance of a permanent camp in the vicinity of Frog Lake northwest of Fort Pitt, the already allocated site of their reserve. But they had been slow to forsake their nomadic life for what seemed to them an uncertain and dreary prospect, tilling the soil or tending cattle for a living. Only from sheer necessity did they remain throughout the winter of 1883-84 in their lodges along Frog Creek, close to or on the reserve of one of the Wood Cree chiefs, and with the coming of spring, became thoroughly discontented with their new existence.



Chief Poundmaker

Chief Poundmaker who in 1876, at the time of the signing of Treaty No. 6, was an ordinary councillor, had likewise been far from satisfied with the terms and provisions of the treaty, although the document bore his name and mark (x). He had gone on record as opposed to what he termed the scanty means wherewith Indians would be expected to become self-supporting on the lands allotted them, and later had become a persistent advocate of better terms. He complained that those on the larger reserves in the Blackfoot country had received more generous treatment, that the Crees had been split up into insignificant, widely scattered bands, and had become vassals of the white man. He was not addicted to strong methods, had often received the name of "The Peacemaker", but had recently declared that unless the Crees settled close together and put forth a united plea their outlook was hopeless.

Such an attitude on Poundmaker's part was interpreted by the Indian Department as one of insubordination and insolence; besides, the chief's high standing and importance were not appreciated in Ottawa. Small account was taken of the fact that he had been adopted as a son by Chief Crowfoot, head of the Blackfoot Confederacy, largely because he had been negotiator between the Crees and Blackfoot, who for generations had been inveterate enemies. It was of small concern to those at official desks 2,000 miles away that this man was looked upon by all who knew him as a chieftain of unusually high principles.

Early in June (1884), at the instigation of one or the other, or both, Big Bear and Poundmaker arranged to hold their annual "Thirst Dance", a modified form of the Sun Dance, on Little Pine's and Lucky Man's joint reserve which adjoined Poundmaker's south-east of Fort Pitt. Apparently they aimed to bring about a concentration of forces as a means of pressing for better treatment. Men, women, children, ponies and dogs flocked to the designated locality. Most of the chiefs and warriors had their weapons and were in paint and feathers. Big Bear's own following included his son Ahyimissees (Imasees), or Little Bad Man, an evilly-disposed savage, and the war chief Wandering Spirit, who to a considerable extent had taken over the leadership from the ageing chieftain. Altogether Big Bear's adherents were a sinister lot.

On a wide stretch of prairie north-east of the tiny Indian agency buildings on Little Pine's reserve, camp was formed in a large circle, and preparations made for the ceremony. Camp fires soon flickered and tom-toms droned their monotony. Dancing and chanting, the gathering of more than 1,500 worked up an enthusiasm for the ritual.

All was otherwise normal, but the Indian farm instructor, John Craig, ordered the visiting Indians back to their own reserves, reminding them that the government forbade the presence of strangers on

a reserve for any length of time without the agent's consent.

The order was scoffed at. Big Bear, while friendly enough, refused to listen. He had come by invitation he said, and would return when the business that required his presence was finished. He was not there to do harm, and could not spurn his relatives and friends who had called on him for counsel.

On June 17th, trouble occurred in the camp.

Big Bear had purposely pitched his lodges near the quarters of the Little Pine farm instructor. While the motley throng of dancers and chanters indulged in their harmless ritual, an Indian from Big Bear's camp entered the storehouse and demanded food for a sick child. Craig was issuing rations to those who deserved them, but refused provisions to the suppliant. The Indian withdrew, but was soon back with his brother. Both men were reputed to be customarily indolent and troublesome.

Chief Big Bear



Craig said: "You do not belong here; you are only visitors, so I can't supply you."

The persistent medicants were then told to leave the building.

The two Indians repeated their demands several times, but were refused. Losing his temper, the more persistent of the two, Kah-wee-chet-way-mot (The-Man-Who-Speaks-Our-Language) urged on by his brother, seized an axe-helve lying near and belaboured Craig across the arms and shoulders.

The instructor sent word to Cpl. R. B. Sleigh, in charge of a small detachment of police temporarily stationed at Poundmaker's reserve, saying the insult called for immediate arrest. But upon arrival Sleigh wisely decided not to act with so few men in the presence of so large a crowd of excited savages, and referred the incident to the chiefs who declined to interfere. The offensive Kah-wee-chet-way-mot was defiant and had the backing of the crowd.

No time was lost by Sleigh in sending a report of the circumstances to Superintendent Crozier at Battleford. Meanwhile plans for the Thirst Dance were interrupted as the disgruntled brothers boasted throughout the camp that they would not submit to the police, even should they have to spill some white blood.

That evening the Thirst Dance was in full swing.

The following morning brought Superintendent Crozier, Inspector Antrobus and 25 men, accompanied by Indian Agent J. M. Rae and Louis Laronde, the halfbreed police interpreter. Farm Instructor Robert Jefferson joined them as they reached Poundmaker's reserve.

Crozier went forward with Antrobus, Rae, Jefferson and Laronde to interview the chiefs and apprehend the wanted Indians. Mingling freely with the redskin throng, the little party pushed through to the circle of the dancers, who showed no concern at the intrusion. The drums continued to beat, the weird chanting rose

and fell, the dancers maintained their monotonous circling, tooting upon their goose-bone whistles as though nothing unusual was on foot. Hundreds of on-lookers were dressed in their finest regalia, while the dancers were painted beyond all recognition, making it impossible for Craig to pick out the two offenders.

Crozier therefore withdrew and headed for the lodges of Poundmaker and Big Bear in the centre of the camp. Scores of howling Indians followed on horseback and foot, all heaping derisive epithets and insults on the white men. Upon being approached, Poundmaker temporized and advised Crozier not to be hasty. The dance was to conclude at sundown. Big Bear stated that while the affair between the two Indians and Craig was of no interest to him, he would move his whole band to the instructor's house on Poundmaker's reserve the following morning and Crozier might there take his prisoners — if he could.

The general attitude of the Indians was unfriendly, and an outbreak of the very kind the Superintendent wished at all costs to prevent seemed imminent. The danger of pillage and worse seemed very close. Once begun, there was no telling where positive Indian defiance of the police might end. Two riders were sent to Battleford, 35 miles away, to summon all available police as well as civilian volunteers. Surrounding settlers, sensing danger to themselves, flocked to Battleford for safety.

Crozier saw that the Indian Department stores on Little Pine's reserve were in danger, and with the assistance of Rae, Craig and Laronde several ox teams and wagons were rounded up and loaded with flour and bacon from the storehouse. The little command then started towards the agency buildings on Poundmaker's reserve some miles to the east; a number of agency cattle were also taken along. It was necessary to detour from the beaten trail or go straight through the Indian camp. A large swamp nearby forced the decision.

As the lodges were being passed, pandemonium broke loose. Bullets whistled overhead, war cries arose amid the general shouting so inseparable from excited Indians, and ponies were ridden furiously back and forth as though in prelude to hostilities. But to Crozier's relief nothing more serious took place and no Indians followed the cavalcade of wagons.

Cut Knife Creek, the approximate western boundary of Poundmaker's reserve, presented an obstacle. At the crossing the wagons became mired and had to be unloaded. Untiring effort completed the task in the small hours of the morning, and the agency buildings were reached without further incident.

The rest of the night was employed in building bastions at opposite ends of Instructor Jefferson's log shanty and lining them with bags of flour; an old shack nearby was pulled down to provide material. Haste was essential, and at dawn the position was seen to be a poor one for defence—a high rise on one side, a swamp with dense growths of willows on the other.

Early in the morning (June 20) a large body of Indians approached, who proved to be followers of the peace-loving Chief Sweet Grass on their way eastward to their reserve. But seemingly loath to be denied good seats at an impending show, they made camp on the nearby hill, just as reinforcements consisting of about 60 Mounted Police and some civilians arrived from Battleford under Sgt. Major M. J. Kirk.

An uproar from the direction of the Thirst Dance camp indicated that the other Indians were coming, and leaving police and volunteers to guard the building, Crozier, accompanied by Rae, Jefferson, Interpreter Laronde and Cst. Campbell Young, went out to meet them. The Indians advanced in a long line, shouting and yelling as though preparing for battle, only to halt upon the high ground less than a quarter of a mile away. Crozier and the few with him were soon sur-

rounded and all but attacked. By jostling and pushing them about, the bolder Indians strove to force the police to begin hostilities, but strict orders had been given against taking the offensive.

Big Bear and Poundmaker then rode up offering themselves as hostages. But Crozier answered that he wanted the principal offender, Kah-wee-chet-way-mot—no one else. Whereupon Poundmaker asked him not to be overhasty, saying that the situation called for quiet discussion. Though armed with a frightful-looking weapon—four large knife blades set at right angles in a stout wooden shaft (much the same as the one carried by Spotted Eagle, the Sioux, a few years earlier), the peacefully inclined chief stated that if he could prevent it, there would be no bloodshed. Big Bear intimated that he would do what he could to produce the wanted man.

Both chiefs confessed their influence with the young men to be actually inadequate for the purpose, but they would endeavour to deliver Kah-wee-chet-way-mot at the improvised fort. The two chiefs conferred with some of their tribesmen, and then followed Crozier. No other Indians would accompany them, and it became known that Craig's two abusers had flatly refused to appear. They said they would not be taken alive.

Chief Lucky Man, a well-disposed Indian, had meantime done his utmost to prevent an outbreak, and had succeeded more than once when the situation was most threatening.

Nothing came of a further discussion with Poundmaker and Big Bear, and orders were given to Antrobus to move practically the entire command up the hill to positions designated. The two chiefs hurried off to rejoin the assembled Indians.

William McKay of the Hudson's Bay Company at Battleford, of whom it could be said no man stood higher in the estimation of the Indians along the Saskatche-



Inspector Crozier, N.W.M.P.

wan, had arrived on the scene—a fortunate occurrence, as the next hour proved.

McKay had been importuned by Crozier to retain the two chiefs, with whom he wished to press further for a solution of the impasse, but McKay had given a curt answer: "I'm not a policeman; you must hold them yourself."

By now the police under Antrobus were saddling up and preparing to move to the hill as directed.

Calling upon Farm Instructor Craig, who had not gone out with him before for fear of further antagonizing the Indians, and accompanied by McKay who consented to act as interpreter, and Cst. F. E. Prior, Crozier pressed forward and was soon in a milling crowd of Indians. Shouting and brandishing their weapons the red men called for concerted action to wipe out the small party of police.

Older heads pressed for caution. "Let the white men begin the fight," they shouted.

A single shot would have meant war!

Many of the Indians, seeing Antrobus and his command approaching with carbines at the ready, began to scatter, seeking positions for what seemed an inevitable battle. Big Bear rode his pony back and forth among the excited warriors, shouting "Peace! Peace!"

From a commanding spot Crozier raised his voice above the din. William McKay interpreted: "Bring me Kah-wee-chet-way-mot, or I shall arrest you all, if we have to fight for it."

Then turning to Poundmaker, he exclaimed. "I came for this man, and I am going to take him."

Craig was closely eyeing the red-skinned throng, hoping to spot Kah-wee-chet-way-mot.

Anger glittered in Poundmaker's eyes. "You say you will take him!" he flashed back, as he handled his four-bladed pukamakin menacingly. "Take him then, but take me first!"

Constable Prior stepped up to the chief, whose customary restraint had broken bounds. The war club was lowered; the surrounding furore subsided a moment then burst forth again. Excited Indians pressed in, threatening to shoot, jeering, war whooping, again goading the police to open hostilities. To most of the red-coated veterans present, it looked serious.

Wandering Spirit, Big Bear's war chief, seized McKay and tried to drag him to the Indian side, exclaiming: "Quick — come with me; you will be killed if you stay here."

But McKay threw him off.

Chief Little Pine rode up and addressed the throng, stressing the folly of opposing the police. Few listened to his warning. Wandering Spirit was seen to raise his rifle towards Sergeant-Major Kirk, who sat on his horse at the head of the police line, rigidly undisturbed, awaiting orders. All that remained to precipitate a holocaust was a single gunshot!

Most of the Indians had washed their faces of paint following the dance, making

it easier to identify them. Finally, Interpreter Laronde saw Kay-wee-chet-way-mot, and Craig identified him. Seeing himself recognized, the wanted Indian brandished a knife and was about to flee in the crowd when McKay called to him to surrender. The defiant redskin refused, but urged by others to give himself up, stepped forward, truculently warning Crozier not to put a hand on him.

"I shall not touch you if you come along quietly," the superintendent replied.

Again the Indian refused. McKay, who spoke Cree fluently, pleaded with him to surrender, but with no success. The situation was now acutely dangerous. The next move was up to the police. One of Big Bear's sons, Twin Wolverine, as if divining the winner of the contest, left the Indian ranks and threw in with the police.

Suddenly, with the swiftness of a steel trap closing on its victim, the wanted Indian was seized by Laronde. Simultaneously Crozier shouted orders to two men to fall out of line and take him. One of these, Cst. Warren Kerr, an Irishman popularly known as "Sligo", caught the culprit by his long plaited hair and swung him over toward the police ranks. (Speaking of the arrest afterwards, Sligo said: "The howls of the haythen were somethin' frightful to behold!")

The crowd surged forward, but the red-coated men, some mounted, some on foot, closed in. Struggling violently, Kay-wee-chet-way-mot was taken to the little building.

The first step in a ticklish episode had been concluded.

The entire police body began to move off, those in the rear walking backwards, with carbines ready. The prisoner was placed under a strong guard, and sentries were posted around the fortified building. Excitement among the Indians was intense; they galloped back and forth on their ponies, shouting war whoops and firing in the air. Interpreter Laronde was seized and to all appearances was in for some manhandling when McKay, who had



Big Bear trading at Fort Pitt, 1884.

taken up a position between the two sides, explained that his co-linguist had merely discharged his duties. Laronde was there-upon released. Every possible attempt was made to incite the police to break the peace, to begin a fight for which they could be blamed. The mere presence of McKay in so vulnerable a position caused many an Indian to stay his hand. McKay was unalterably the redman's friend.

Poundmaker was heard to boast that he had acquired one of the police carbines. Its return was subsequently demanded by McKay, on the score that it belonged to the Queen and not to a constable, where-upon the chief willingly gave it up. He had not forgotten that three years earlier he had guided the son-in-law of the White Mother from Battleford to the Blackfoot Crossing and has been royally treated. McKay also succeeded in procuring a belt and revolver which had been taken from an unhorsed constable. Several Indians signified their intention of taking sides with the white men.

With rare sagacity McKay at this juncture got word to Crozier to distribute the bacon and flour piled up in the makeshift

breastworks of the little fort — a clever move in the face of a large and hungry mob of Indians.

While bacon and flour were being doled out, Craig suddenly perceived the companion of the Indian who had assaulted him. This individual was also arrested and placed under guard.

Completely tired out, Crozier and his detachment took the trail to Battleford. Most of them had been without sleep for more than 48 hours. The superintendent had used his long experience among Indians to good purpose — he knew that once an Indian detected fear or hesitation in his opponent, he was likely to gain the upper hand.

It was found that the telegraph line to Battleford had been tied down in a slough with willow branches. Without communication, considerable uneasiness had been felt in the town; it was feared that a fight had taken place at the Indian reserve. A volunteer infantry company had been called out to serve as a home guard while the police were absent, also to co-operate with the latter if necessary. All the principal trails to the town had been placed

under guard, while quarters in the barracks had been offered to any who cared to seek safety.

The Saskatchewan Herald stated in its next issue: "The thanks of the community are undoubtedly due to Major Crozier for the successful manner in which bloodshed was averted; for had but one shot been fired, the human mind could not foresee what would have been the result. The courage and coolness of this officer in going amongst the Indians unarmed and alone is deserving of the greatest praise . . . Captain Antrobus and the non-commissioned officers and men of "D" Division are deserving of the gratitude and admiration of all whose interest it was and is to see peace preserved and the lives and property of settlers protected . . . When the treatment received by the police at the hands of the Indians is considered, their wonderful control of temper is the more commendable."

It was obvious that supervision and tactful handling by the Mounted Police, and in some cases by the Indian Department employees, would eventually prompt the Indians to adopt a manner of living much after the custom of white pioneer settlers. Indeed there was much between Crozier's detachment and the excited mob of red-skins on the prairie ridge at Poundmaker's, one Indian had forsaken his ranks for those of the police, signifying he would die with the white men should a fight take place. Grizzly Bear's Head of the Assiniboines, upon receiving a gift of tobacco from Poundmaker and an invitation to join the recent aggregation at Little Pine's, had returned the gift and declined the request; while Red Pheasant, the Cree chief of the Eagle Hills reserve, had turned down a similar invitation with the rejoinder: "Who is to furnish us with flour and bacon in the future if we take up arms against the whites?"

The white people of Saskatoon, the nearest settlement of importance to Battleford, had telegraphed an offer of 50 armed men should their services be required.



Lieut.-Col. Irvine, N.W.M.P.

On Monday the two prisoners were brought before the superintendent for preliminary hearing. It was explained to them that they were entitled to their own witnesses just as much as the white man who had been attacked, and that the examination would be adjourned until the witnesses arrived. The prisoners had not been arrested, he said, solely for the purpose of punishment, but for a fair and honest trial. He reminded them that as many of their people as wished could attend and give evidence; the Indian side of the episode, as well as the white man's, would be given the fullest hearing.

Subsequently the Indian who had struck Craig was committed for trial before Magistrate Rouleau and sentenced to one week in jail; the other was discharged.

Writing about it later, Farm Instructor Jefferson stated: "We three (a brother and a young lad had been visiting him when the trouble started) were left to review the events of the last few days and speculate on what the coming time would bring for

us. Thinking it over thus, we could only now realize how narrow the margin had been between us and death. The confidence of those Indians who were undoubtedly friendly showed that they did not believe it possible that the arrest could be accomplished without a fight. They regretted that it should be so, but that would not prevent their siding with their own people when it came to a difference between red and white. Again, the two culprits were distinguished as 'bad men', and when they repeatedly said that they would not be taken without resistance, everybody believed them, because there was a great chance of it happening, and the result would be war . . . So great was the tension, so high the excitement during the hunt and arrest, that the slightest thing would have turned the balance from peace to war. To do the chiefs justice, they knew that a breach of the peace would neither suit their purposes nor advance their interests, and even had they wished, they could not have helped the police more than they did."

Crozier had urged Jefferson to stay at his post on Poundmaker's reserve, if he thought it could be done safely, expressly to show the Indians that to the police the affair was a mere incident and that the accustomed routine would be followed. But before deciding, Jefferson consulted several leading Indians. Poundmaker would take no responsibility; Little Pine said he would stand by him, but that his power only extended to his own band, and even that might fail.

The courageous Jefferson had then decided to see the situation through, and the other two had elected to "stick it out" with him.

The three men experienced a harrowing few hours after Crozier's departure. There was little sleep for them that night, and at dawn, armed Indians began pounding on the door of the little shack, demanding provisions. They said they were peaceably inclined and had avoided trouble and on that account were the more entitled to

assistance. The farm instructor told them that Superintendent Crozier was the one to authorize a further distribution. At that they attempted intimidation, but it failed. When they were told they had the power to take the food if so disposed, they showed no inclination that way, although they remained until late at night.

Next morning Jefferson's two companions, fearing violence, decided to start for Battleford. Left to his own devices, the farm instructor rode off to interview Little Pine. The chief suggested that the stores be moved to an agency building on his reserve as they were too far away for his protection. They procured several ox teams, and all the provisions were soon under padlock, with the key in the chief's possession.

Big Bear's and Poundmaker's plan of concentration had failed utterly.

The wildest rumours were now in circulation, prophesying an Indian uprising. Cattle were being killed wholesale, it was said; prowling redskins were reported to be scouring the country, frightening settlers and threatening to begin concerted hostilities. But the fact was, most of the Indians had returned to their reservations, and Big Bear's troublesome band had left to make camp at Onion Lake in the neighborhood of the Indian Department agency at Frog Lake. Big Bear himself however attended a council of a number of chiefs at Duck Lake near Batoche.

Tidings of the recent hostile gathering having reached Ottawa, Comptroller White of the Mounted Police Department wrote to Commissioner Irvine, Regina: "Sir, I am directed to request that you will convey to Superintendent Crozier and the police under his command the appreciation of the Rt. Hon. Sir John A. Macdonald for the discretion and forbearance and the efficiency and gallantry displayed by them under trying circumstances connected with the Indian disturbance at Chief Poundmaker's reserve in June last."

EDITORIAL

(Continued from page 1)

mass of what, in an old-fashioned way, we called "book learning" and nothing else. What we are after is the education that will teach you to think and reason, which will improve your material prospects, which will add to your poise and deportment, which will develop your judgment and which, all in all, will round you out for a fully successful and happy life.

That is the kind of life I wish for you.

MILL

(Continued from page 8)

pickerel, which are weighed in to our weigh-masters at Beaver Lake, Bakers Narrows and town. Jack Johnson, of course, will try to convince the boys there are more trout at Beaver Lake, but there's a lot of the boys at Bakers Narrows who don't quite see eye to eye with Jack. Here's wishing all you fishermen the best of luck. (Let's get them in the boat this year.)

Also, while on sports, Carl Brown I hear is pretty good at water skiing. What about giving out a few lessons, Carl?

MECHANICAL AND CONSTRUCTION

(Continued from page 14)

apprenticeship here in July have left in search of greener pastures. George Bryson, welder, along with his friend, Peter Milton, are, at the time of this writing, welding on the trans-Canada Pipeline at Swift Current, Sask. Vern Fraser, machinist, has left for the West coast where he intends going into business with his brother.

An interesting event took place on June 29th when Hugh Frank Doran and Marlene were united in the holy bonds of matrimony. Congratulations and the best of luck to you both.

Our heartiest congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. "Curly" Gummerson on the birth of a girl July 18th.

This is holiday time and each department has its quota of men away on vacation. Some go East, some go West and some go South, but wherever they go, they will all have tales to tell when they return. We hope to get some of these tales for the next issue of the Northern Lights. Until then, a happy vacation to you all.

POWER HOUSE

(Continued from page 16)

was a small dog, but through usage and mishandling has broken ears and legs.

The myth really exploded when it was found that the trinket was merely a piece of slag found around the Smelter, and the letter, a fake written by our good friend, Paul Schlingman of General Electric, who was here from Detroit supervising the overhaul of the steam turbines.

To be fair to our two archeologists, we must admit that as soon as their eyes came in contact with the trinket they laughed heartily with the author of this genial trickery.

The vacation season is in full swing, and the road maps are in great demand. Oh! How some of us wished we had been more attentive during geography lessons — pardon me, social study, to use the modern term. How ashamed we feel when we have to ask "where is Preeceville? How far is it from Minitonas?" That is when the old road map comes out of its hiding place, just about ready to fall in as many pieces as there are folds, with numerous pencil lines, which probably were the itineraries of previous travel, and heavily penciled dots, representing points of interest to somebody.

It would be a shame to throw such old documents in the basket; they should be preserved for those who will come after us, to prove that we were a migratory people.

Thank you dear readers. We shall see what will happen during the next three months.



Kinsman Al Gillies presenting keys for Station Wagon to be used for crippled children.

Winnipeg Office

Myra Whatford

PEOPLE ARE LIKE CARS. There are various kinds, of course, ranging from the classy little roadster type right down to the old Model T. But general habits and performance are very much the same.

Take yourself, for example. You spend all winter going backwards and forwards across town. You go uphill and downhill, this way and that. You buck ice, sleet and snow, rain, heat and cold. Then comes Spring. Suddenly you feel like an old jalopy. You start to sputter, cough and stall. Your gasket's burned out and your battery needs recharging. You feel you just can't make it around the next corner or something's bound to fall off. You ponder the idea of a general checkup . . . What you probably need most is a good fast run in the country, just to blow the carbon out of your motor; so if you're wise you take to the wide open spaces.

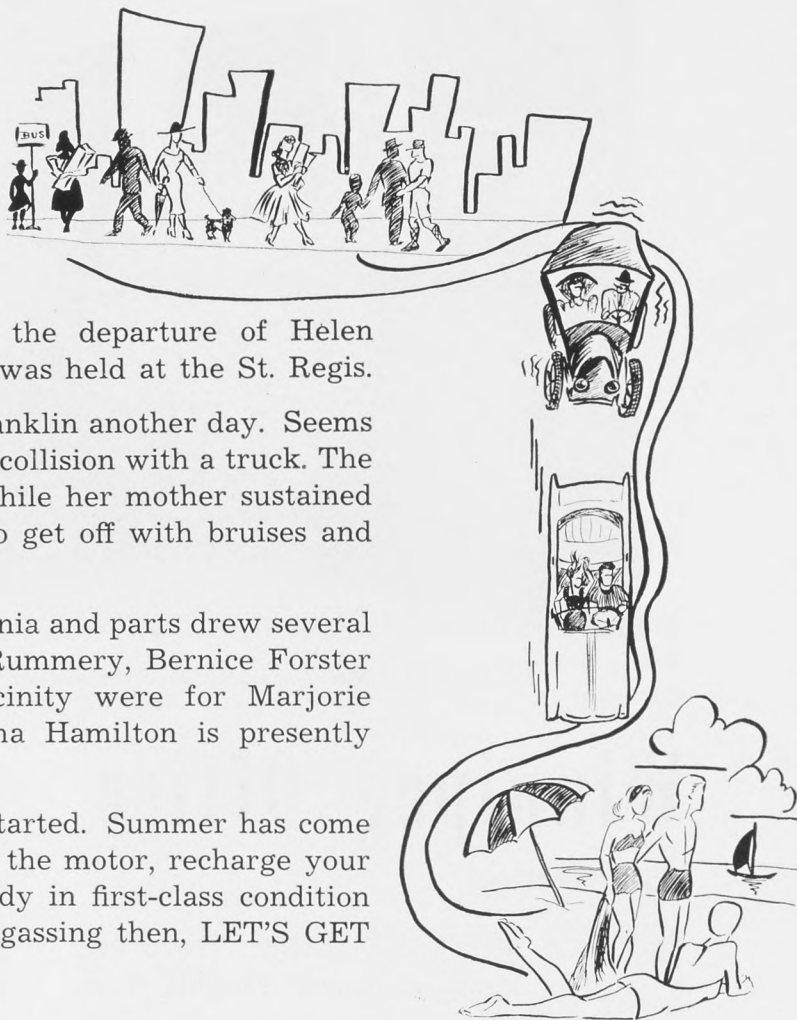
Fairlye Allen started the cavalcade from our Winnipeg Office this summer when she 'blew' down to Florida. Stopped over in New York first, though. Saw women with umbrellas, men in shorts (Horrors!) and drinking troughs for pet poodles. At least

that's what she said they were. Saw Paris (Que.) too, but I didn't ask what the men are wearing there — it might be too embarrassing.

Lakes and beaches were popular with our crowd again this year. While it poured buckets at home, we felt sorry for Bill Tindall shivering, we thought, at Victoria. Turned out he was fine, and came home literally bleached with the sun. Poor us. Art, Stu and Horace followed suit, but Al chose Gull Lake and Roy went to Falcon Lake. We are proud of the work being done by these two Kinsmen, incidentally. The picture above is evidence of just one of the several worthy projects recently completed by the group to which they belong.

While we are on the home scene, it is a pleasure to congratulate Mr. and Mrs. Ozzie Buchanan! Ozzie was on hand bright and early June 25th (despite lack of sleep!) passing out candies and smokes to mark the arrival of a new son, Douglas Neil.

Other new arrivals, at the office that is, include stenos Beulah Mowat and Lois Skwarok, to whom we extend a very warm

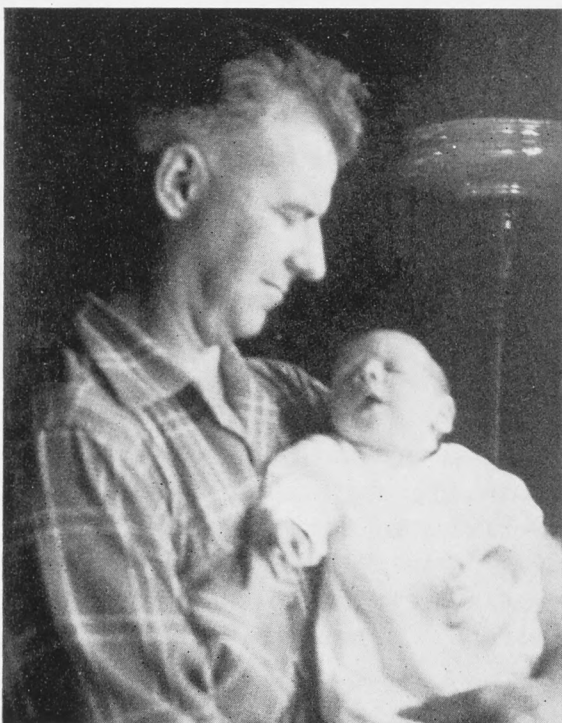


welcome. Both came to us following the departure of Helen Kutcher, for whom a farewell luncheon was held at the St. Regis.

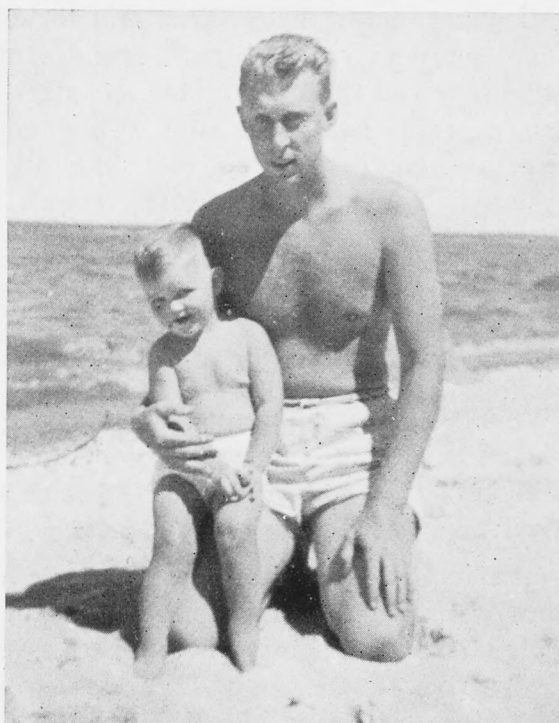
It might have been farewell Phyllis Franklin another day. Seems Phyllis was riding in a taxi which met in collision with a truck. The impact threw both out of the car, but while her mother sustained more serious injuries Phyllis managed to get off with bruises and shock.

Getting back to vacations again, California and parts drew several of our staff this summer, including Ed Rummery, Bernice Forster and Darlene Blue. Vancouver and vicinity were for Marjorie Robertson and Donna Coad, while Erma Hamilton is presently planning a trip by car to Duluth.

So here we are back again where we started. Summer has come and gone. You've had time out to check the motor, recharge your battery and repair the chassis. Everybody in first-class condition to face another winter? Enough of this gassing then, LET'S GET ROLLIN'.



"Man-to-man" talk between Ozzie Buchanan and Douglas Neil.



Just a coupla unemployed lifeguards. Bill Tindall and son.

Island Falls

Bill Southworth

With summer a thing of the past for another year we find ourselves settling down to Fall activities once again.

During June, July and August, our holiday months, we note the usual number of "trippers".

Mr. and Mrs. A. Wenman and Wanda went to take in the bright lights of New York. The Bert Pelletier family motored to the west coast in July, and the Grayson family also took a jaunt out west in their "home on wheels". Neil Rutherford and sons Jerry and Neil also motored to Vancouver. Since some must work while others play, Slim Woods and his crew spent a busy summer on our new summer road to the South.

Towards the end of August Pelle Hagberg and his Scout Troop spent an enjoyable and very profitable time camping up the river.

We were also pleased that the Flin Flon Canoe Club—some fourteen strong—chose to pay us a visit during July.

Our July 1st celebration was the usual big success. We were favoured with fine weather. Following the Flag Raising ceremony at 11 a.m., field and track events were run off. The hot-dog stand and bingo tables drew the crowds all afternoon and festivities were brought to a close with a dance in the evening.

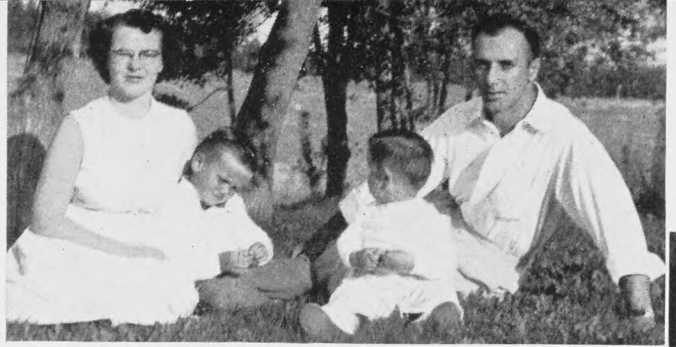
In the newcomers department we welcomed Margaret Wright of Saskatoon who was our recreational director this summer.

Tim Davis of Prince Albert worked here for the summer and left to resume his studies at McGill University in the Fall.

Mr. and Mrs. Eddie O'Neal and children, of Flin Flon, also spent the summer months here. Eddie is an electrical apprentice.

In the vital statistics department we have two weddings to report. On June 9th Dorothy Davis was married to Mr. William Parker in Salt Lake City. Mr. and Mrs. Davis and Bud attended the wedding. On June 28th Lowell Christenson was married to Miss Ann Rosen-

(Continued on page 39)



Garnet and Evelyn Cluff
with their two sons.

Alex and Sadie
Strindlund.



Jack McInnis
and family.



Bob and Eleanor Tanner and
daughters.



Scotty, Wilda
and Douglas
Boyce.



Oldtimer Slim Woods
and family.



Roy Bunn and son.





Bill Brigden, Winnipeg Canoe Club, won the '56 Canoe Derby for second time.



Berthiaume, Craddock, Akert and Gee—winners of Northern Manitoba Golf Championship.



Trout Festival crowd.



Tense moment at Sea Cadet inspection.



Kinette's Fashion Show.



Kinette Convention — they're not all talking!

Hmm. Nothing wrong with this picture of Kinettes in a corner.



The "Barber Polecats."



Round About Town



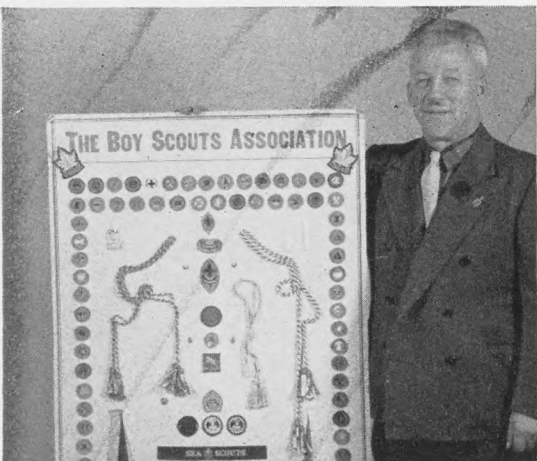
Bush fire on No. 10 highway near Flin Flon.



All spit and polish.



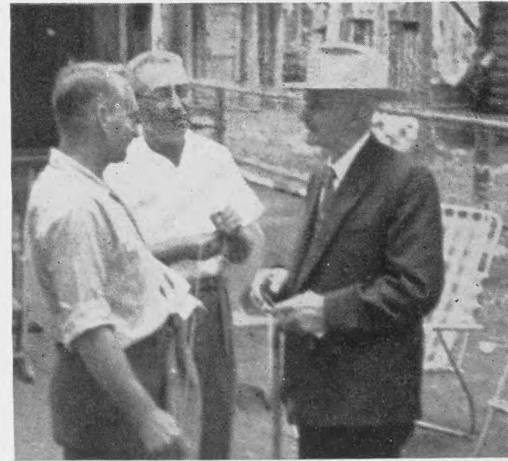
On parade.



Sam Hankin, energetic Badge Secretary for Boy Scouts Association.



Fond mother, I betcha!



Dan Milligan, one of original prospectors in Flin Flon area in Tom Creighton's time.

VIP's in contest at Beaver Lake. The attorneys-general of Manitoba and Saskatchewan.



This is the life!



Guide Camp Summer 1956





Flin Flon Air Cadets

The Air Cadet Annual inspection was held May 24th. Visiting officers were Wing Commander J. L. Berven and Flight Lieutenant Gord Fisher.

Summer activities for the squadron included the following:

Twenty-three cadets attended a two weeks' camp at Abbotsford, B.C. Flying Officers J. P. Struch and T. E. McDonald accompanied them. Flight Sergeant Terry McFadden is back from Great Britain and the continent after an International exchange visit. Sgt. Allen Bolton attended a seven weeks' Drill Instructors' Course at Camp Borden, Ont. He was chosen as a member of the International Drill team competing against the American Cadet Air Patrol. Sgt. Dick Robertson attended a seven weeks' Senior Leadership course also at Camp Borden.



Wing presentation to F/S T. McFadden and F/S D. Balfour by W/C J. L. Berven.



Sgt. Dick Robertson attended leadership course at Camp Borden.

March past at Annual Inspection. W/C J. Berven taking salute.



Wings to D. Balfour and T. McFadden, front row. Back row, l to r: Cpl. W. Hanna, Junior Rifle Competition; AC2 R. Bernard, First Year Cadet Trophy; WO2 D. Ricard, Efficiency Shield and flying training; AC2 R. Stoltz, Senior Rifle Competition.



Main Office

Don't know if it's the weather, Leap Year, or atomic fall-out but this has been a big year for weddings and Main Office had its share. Eunice Davison married Mike Petrychko in St. James' Anglican Church on July 20th followed a week later by Darlene Howe who married Bob Kortje

After the bells come the yells. Joyce Gummerson, Mac's ex-secretary, had a daughter—Susan Dawn. Congratulations!

As they get married and leave us, the gals must be replaced. We have five newcomers since last issue. Phyllis Watt—our new messenger, June Bowes, Clara Baker,



Eunice Davison married Mike Petrychko in July.



Proud and happy are Norman and Marge Cyr at Ruth Ann's graduation from St. Mary's Academy.



Darlene Howe and husband Bob Kortje.

in St. Anne's Roman Catholic Church. We wish them the very best.

Only one engagement this time — Annette Lavergne. Annette's travelled far and wide, and it looks like this is the real thing.

Personnel "whoop-up" at Phantom Lake.



Joan Bensen and Marg Gillespie. Then there was the usual summer relief—Marie Locker and Doris Hopkins who returned to University.

When it comes to vacations, the Main Office really gets around. Lorna Rogan to Melville and Vancouver; Olive Hinde to Edmonton, Uranium City and Vancouver; Irene Lengyel to Saskatoon, Edmonton and Banff; Gail Barker to Winnipeg and Clear Lake; Bob McLachlan and Eddie Carate to work at home; Irene Mearns to Winnipeg for a week; Toddy Murry to Dryden, Ont., in August; Don Hay to Winnipeg; Andy Maxwell to Bakers Narrows to lead the simple life.

Bernice Birch and Myrna Longmore have left us once again for an extended holiday to England and the Continent.

RESEARCH

(Continued from page 17)

to us from Wales. He is a graduate in metallurgy from University of Swansea, Wales. To quote Gary, "I came directly to Flin Flon and have not been in any other part of Canada." He is with the Zinc Plant Research group. Girls, please note—both John and Gary are single.

The following students are with us for the summer. Enid Delgatty, who needs no introduction, is back in the main lab and is giving the polarograph "lads" an assist. Don Jones, U. of Sask. student, is helping out the mill research group while some of the boys are on holiday. Lawrence Daniel Hildebrand, U. of Man. graduate, Science, 1956, originally from Morden, Man., is working in the By-Products section of zinc plant research.

Dorothy Martinson is now known as Mrs. Percy Davis. Dorothy and Percy tied the nuptial knot on July 21st, and are now residing at 66 Terrace Avenue.

Kathleen Elizabeth was born to Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Nicholson on May 9th. Peggy Nicholson now has a sister. Roy and Norma Coulter are the proud parents of a daughter, Jill Carol, born on June 30th, while Harold and Stella Howling have a new son, Eric Allan, born on June 6th. Congratulations to all the proud parents.

The "Researchers" held an after-dark project at Carr's Casino on the evening of May 26th. All reports indicated that it was a successful do.

ISLAND FALLS

(Continued from page 33)

grew of Calgary and they spent the summer here with Lowell's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Otto Christenson.

Each Fall we have to report more students going out to attend high school. Bob Henry is going to Karanport, Sask. Sharon Brown attended Brandon College and Ann Southworth goes to Luther College, Regina.

STEWARD'S DEPT.

(Continued from page 18)

into this and get some pictures for the next issue.

On Sunday, August 5th, a banquet was held in the Cafeteria for our Manitoba M.L.A.s. More about this in the next issue.

An event of August 2nd was the wedding of Patsy, daughter of our chief, Mr. McIntosh. Our very best wishes and congratulations to the bride and groom.

As I sat musing,
Alone and melancholy
And without a friend,
There came a voice out of the gloom
saying, "Cheer up,
Things might be worse."
So I cheered up
And, sure enough,
Things got worse.

* * *

Rushing to the hospital in a frantic race with the stork one day, the mother-to-be didn't quite make it and the baby was born on the hospital lawn.

When the husband received the hospital bill, there was an item labeled "Operating Room \$35.00." He questioned this, of course, and the hospital business office requested that he return the bill for correction.

A couple of days later he received the corrected bill which read, "Green Fees \$35.00."

* * *

A young Swede appeared at the county judge's office and asked for a license.

"What kind of license?" asked the judge. "A hunting license?"

"No," was the answer, "Aye tank aye bane hunting long enough. Aye want marriage license."

* * *

"My man," she said, "can you tell me whether this is a male or female hippopotamus?"

Then the worm turned. The keeper eyed the lady coldly. His tone was metallic.

"Madam," he said, "I don't see how that could interest anyone but a hippopotamus."

Poems, Puns and Philosophy

The most gladsome thing in the world is that few of us fall very low; the saddest that, with such capabilities, we seldom rise high.

—James M. Barrie

* * *

Following Sunday service, the pastor stood at the church door greeting his parishioners when he spied a cute little six-year-old girl passing by. He reached out and patted her gently on the head, murmuring, "God bless you."

Puzzled, the little girl stopped, looked around, then turned to the reverend and asked, "Who sneezed?"

* * *

They say the King of Siam has a herd of 100 sacred white elephants and over 1,000 wives. That sure is a lot of white elephants.

* * *

A man telephoned the police to report that thieves had been at work on his car.

"They've stolen the steering wheel, the brake pedal, the accelerator, the clutch pedal, and the dashboard," he complained.

A police sergeant said he would investigate. Then the phone rang again.

"Don't bother," said the same voice—this time with a hiccup. "I got into the back seat by mistake."

* * *

King David and King Solomon

Led merry, merry lives,

With many, many lady friends

And many, many wives;

But when old age crept over them—

With many, many qualms,

King Solomon wrote the Proverbs

and King David wrote the Psalms.

* * *

Tired of being a widower, Farmer Smith went into town, picked out a wife, married her, turned Dobbin around and drove homeward. Dobbin stumbled: "That's once," said the farmer. A little later, the horse stumbled again. "That's twice," said

the farmer. When Dobbin stumbled again he said, "That's three times," pulled out a gun and shot the horse dead.

"You heartless brute," screamed his bride, slapping him hard in the face.

He looked at her for a moment, then said, "That's once."

* * *

"Dad, working for the telephone company has given you good wages, job security, paid vacations, sick benefits, and paid for our home, car and let you put something away for my college education. But . . . what else?"

* * *

Daughter: "Did you ever hear anything so wonderful?" (as the radio played the latest in swing).

Father: "Can't say I have although I once heard a collision between a truck loaded with milk cans and another filled with ducks."

* * *

Little drops of water,

Poured into the milk,

Give the milkman's daughter,

Lovely gowns of silk.

Little grains of sugar

Mingled with the sand,

Make the grocer's assets

Swell to beat the band.

—Walt Mason

* * *

The finest salesman we ever heard about sold milking machines. He sold two of them to a farmer who owned one cow—then took the cow as down payment.

* * *

"Why is Smith pacing up and down in front of his house like that?"

"He's awfully worried about his wife."

"Is that so? What's she got?"

"The car."

* * *

Boy, applying for position in an office: "I'm pretty smart. I've won a lot of prizes in cross-word puzzle contests."

Employer: "Yes, but we want someone who can be smart during office hours."

Boy: "This was during office hours."



Go placidly amid the noise and the haste, and remember what peace there may be in silence.
As far as possible, without surrender; be on good terms with all persons. Speak your truth quietly and clearly; and listen to others, even to the dull and the ignorant; they too have their story.

If you compare yourself with others, you may become vain or bitter, for always there will be greater and lesser persons than yourself. Keep interested in your own career, however humble; it is a real possession in the changing fortunes of time.

Be yourself. Especially do not feign affection. Neither be cynical about love; for in the face of all aridity and disenchantment, it is as perennial as the grass. Take kindly the counsel of the years, gracefully surrendering the things of youth. Nurture strength of spirit to shield you in sudden misfortune. Many fears are born of fatigue and loneliness.

Beyond a wholesome discipline, be gentle with yourself. You are a child of the universe no less than the trees and the stars; you have a right to be here. And whether or not it is clear to you, no doubt the universe is unfolding as it should. Therefore, be at peace with God, whatever you conceive Him to be. And whatever your labors and aspirations, in the noisy confusion of life, keep peace in your soul. With all its sham, drudgery and broken dreams, it is still a beautiful world.

—MAX EHRMANN.